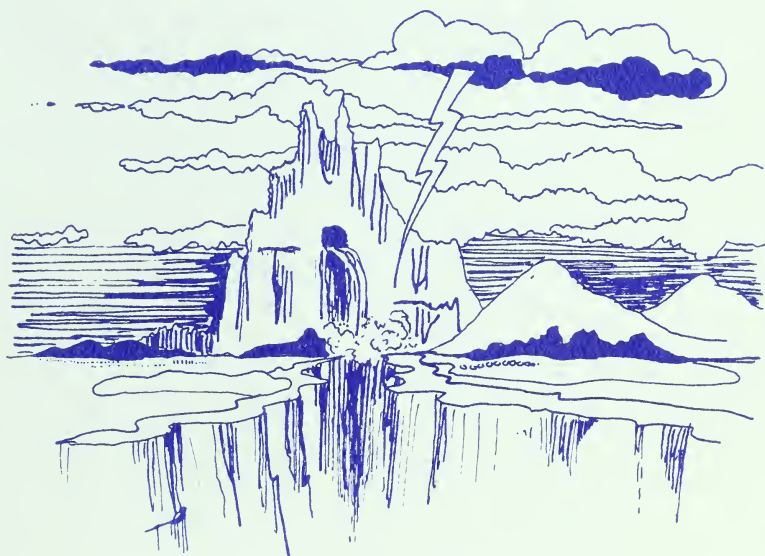




*The Sefer*



# *The Sefer*



*Fall 1971*

*Volume 2 Number 2*

Editor	Elissa Domroe
Art Editor	George Brunson
Managing Editor	Cathy Rubenstein
Associate Editor	Wayne Plumer
Layout and Production Editor	Richard Battle
Staff Members:	Sue Allen, Al Anderson, Ken Elm, Alec Harvin, Julie Latimer, James Stuckey
Faculty Advisor	Dr. George Niketas

© September 1971

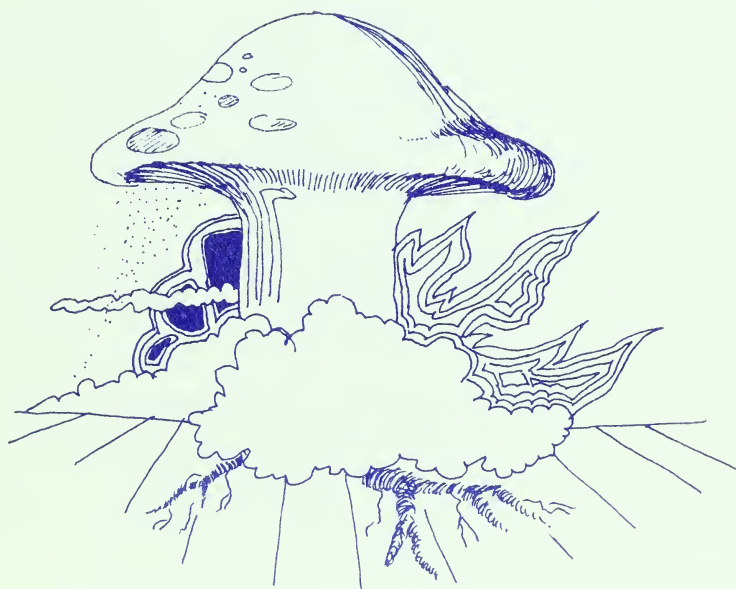
All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from the publisher.

The SEFER  
c/o Baptist College at Charleston  
Campus Post Office Box 421  
Charleston, South Carolina 29411

Penelope's Lament	Ivy Moore. . . . .	6
On Your Becoming Twenty – Three	Elissa Domroe. . . . .	7
Musings of the Dorian, Brasidas	Thomas Johnson. . . . .	8
Insane	Foster Folsom. . . . .	9
Hey, little boy. . .	Naomi Coker. . . . .	11
Song of the Dawn	Mike Wafford. . . . .	12
Summer Seventy – One	Mimi Beach Vallentine. . . .	13
Sunny Times at Coney	Philip Garges. . . . .	15
Beach Sand	John Stone. . . . .	16
Sand Castles	Philip Garges. . . . .	17
The Time I Died	Sharon Young. . . . .	18
Troy Has Fallen	Thomas Johnson. . . . .	23
Redaction	Elissa Domroe. . . . .	25
Mankind	Nathan Goldman. . . . .	27
And Emily	John Stone. . . . .	28
The Best From This World	Elissa Domroe. . . . .	30
The Apprentice Speaks	John Stone. . . . .	31
From The Editor. . . . .		32

*“...But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think...”*

*George Gordon, Lord Byron  
(1788–1824)*



## PENELOPE'S LAMENT

Wanting only what you'd left behind  
    I never tried to follow you,  
As you left forever (many times)  
    Taking your worldliness with you.

Today, when it is much too late  
    Your path of breadcrumbs eludes  
Me. They were all you offered and  
    I was too content.

The morning wetness had disintegrated  
    Them. The question mark of Circe's  
Tail -- where you stepped on it last  
    October -- is all that I will have  
of you.

Ivy Moore



## ON YOUR BECOMING TWENTY-THREE

Met you round the corner,  
                    round the corner  
from the heavy thorough-fare.  
A part of the crowds and traffic  
down the isles and winds that  
blew another look in my direction.  
But Mephistopheles took you first!  
Off to the streets -- promising you  
sweet wines on weekend mornings.  
And on becoming twenty-three,  
you really should have listened to  
the Gatsbys of the world:

. . .lights in the air and the breath  
of waters on the Sound.

You really should have listened  
but  
Mephistopheles took you first!

Elissa Domroe

## MUSINGS OF THE DORIAN, BRASIDAS\*

How could I  
Foresee the end?  
But I knew  
That there was  
Only one way.  
We could cease,  
We all know  
The finality  
Of the situation.

When your lips  
No longer surround  
Me, secure me,  
Then and only  
Then will it seem  
Sensible, real.  
Only when the present  
Is past does actuality  
Leap up to mirror  
The inescapable knowledge  
That all life is  
A mere shadow cast  
By a candle.

So while the rods  
Of brute understanding that  
Penetrate being  
Are controlled by me,  
Are twisted and turned  
Under my command  
Refrain from catching  
Candle drippings,  
Grasp my hand and pour out all  
That you can and will  
For nothing added  
To nothing is in the end  
all that is.

Thomas Johnson

\* name of a Spartan General during the Peloponnesian Wars  
Editor's Note

## INSANE

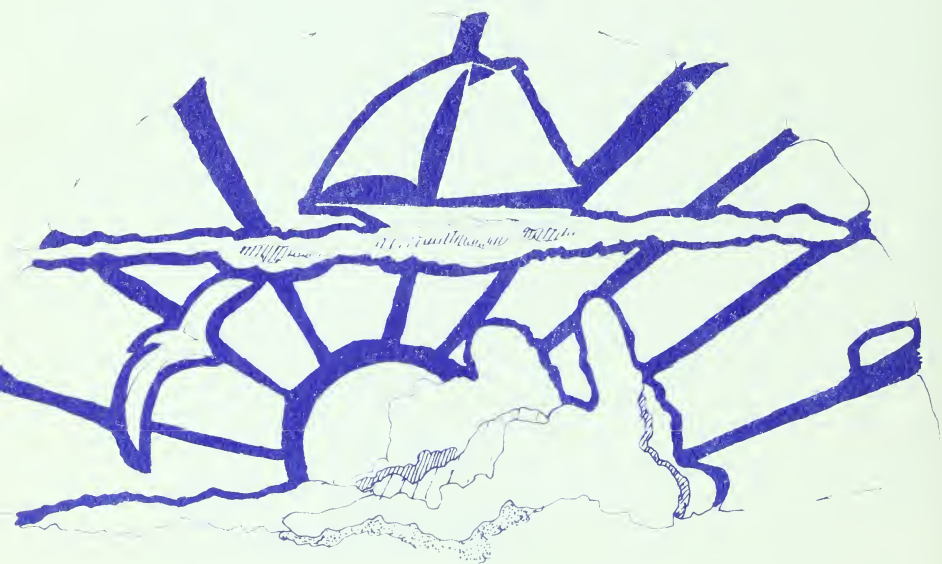
It's insane. . .  
    this game,  
this wheel  
    that turns  
me round.

    This life,  
merry-go-round.

It's insane. . .  
    this game,  
this wheel  
    that spins,  
never ends.  
    Never stops,  
and never goes.

It's insane. . .  
    this game,  
this life  
    up and down.  
To pass,  
    to see,  
to feel on God's wheel.

Foster Folsom



Hey, little boy,  
out in the wide, windy, world,  
holding onto that kite -- so tight.  
Why?  
Is it the wind of gay Spring  
that causes the pull on the string?

Hey, proud boy,  
your feet firm on this material world,  
the kite wants to dance in and between the clouds  
to be caught up and fluffed around  
by the joys of living, and loving,  
to get away from all those kite-eating trees.

I do love you  
but I want to go sailing.  
Sometimes I don't even believe it was your idea.  
Someone perhaps told you to go fly a kite,  
and you thought it would be at first fun,  
then later, a profitable venture.

So, here we are.  
Hold me, but not too tightly.  
Control me, but don't bring me down.  
Help me watch out for all those kite-eating trees.  
You knew kites, like me, were made for soaring.

Naomi Coker

## SONG OF THE DAWN

She is a fresh breeze  
that fills my sails  
and spirits me away  
to the rainbow's end  
to that verdant meadow,  
the Elysian Fields.

She is the dew  
which quenches my thirst  
but doesn't dampen my spirit.  
I ride the crest of her  
wave,  
the wave of affection which overwhelms.

She is the morning sun  
peeking over the hill  
not glaring  
but just welcoming  
the azure sky  
with a golden eye.

She is the day's awakening,  
the song of the robin,  
the wail of birth,  
the blossoming of a flower,  
and, indeed,  
an awakening in me.

She is the song  
which sings through my veins  
so precious is she  
for she is the answer,  
for she is the meaning,  
for she is my life.

Mike Wafford

## SUMMER SEVENTY-ONE

It was the summer,  
dreams and seventy-one.  
It was a summer of heat,  
the dark, the rain.  
The sun would come up,  
and I could not chase  
it down.  
Plastic faces, smiles,  
and you were gone.  
It was the summer.  
I was the summer.

Mimi Beach Vallentine





## SUMMER SEVENTY-ONE

It was the summer,  
dreams and seventy-one.  
It was a summer of heat,  
the dark, the rain.  
The sun would come up,  
and I could not chase  
it down.  
Plastic faces, smiles,  
and you were gone.  
It was the summer.  
I was the summer.

Mimi Beach Vallentine



## SUNNY TIMES AT CONEY

Twenty thousand people  
lying in the sun,  
there on Coney Island  
on a hot summer day.  
There lay I among them,  
soaking up the rays  
with screaming, laughing children  
running everywhere.  
A stiff breeze blowing,  
hit me full in the face  
as sand got in my eyes.  
Twenty thousand people  
on a hot summer day.

Philip Garges

## BEACH SAND

Simple skull,  
two eyes,  
I hand you teeth,  
your teeth  
whose crusty skeletal  
frame  
chews its own hand  
in the sinews  
of the sand.

Look  
there  
it was moving  
in the sand.  
And the deeper ripples  
of the sand  
tell you  
it's alive,  
you're alive  
though white  
micro-animals  
laugh  
snarl,  
laugh  
at your bones,  
you ripple in the sand,  
and taste  
raw sinews in your hand.

John Stone

## SAND CASTLES

I build sand castles  
in my mind  
on the beach  
with you  
my love.

In my mind  
we watch  
as  
the seagulls  
and foamy waves  
play together  
on the beach  
in the afternoon.

With the sun shining  
brightly  
on  
the surf  
in my mind.

Philip Garges

## THAT GOLDEN AGE

Why am I here? To live, to die, to love or to lose?  
I have walked and yet I have been nowhere.  
I have talked and yet I have not really spoken.  
Is youth to be deprived of perpetual knowledge?  
Do only the aged know the heartache and the happiness?  
Is forty the representation of the commencement?  
Have I not yet been born?  
Does God so much as recognize my very being?  
Question, questions. Always questions.  
Never any real answers.  
Never any real indulgences.  
Never any real love.  
Birth is not the beginning of existence:  
It is the beginning of the road to life.  
That long, long road I have only entered.  
One wrong move and we belong to the gutter.  
How hard to be good. How tedious.  
Must we keep traveling, unaware of dead ends, before we  
reach that Golden Age?

Sharon Young

## SILENCE

Silence is peace; the quiet  
    Of a peaceful countryside untouched  
    By war or progress  
Silence is war; the heavy  
    Silence of a battlefield the  
    Morning after a bloody battle.  
Silence is happiness; the quiet  
    Contentment of a happy child.  
Silence is grief; the oppressive  
    Stillness of a funeral procession.  
Silence is hope; the quiet  
    Prayerfulness of once waiting  
    For word of a missing relative.  
Silence is fear; the mind  
    Of one condemned to die.  
Silence is Eternal.

Mark Sharpe





## SILENCE

Silence is peace; the quiet  
    Of a peaceful countryside untouched  
    By war or progress  
Silence is war; the heavy  
    Silence of a battlefield the  
    Morning after a bloody battle.  
Silence is happiness ; the quiet  
    Contentment of a happy child.  
Silence is grief; the oppressive  
    Stillness of a funeral procession.  
Silence is hope; the quiet  
    Prayerfulness of once waiting  
    For word of a missing relative.  
Silence is fear; the mind  
    Of one condemned to die.  
Silence is Eternal.

Mark Sharpe



## THE NIGHT HAWK FLIES

The night hawk flies this night.  
The pulpit prophets say today is in a bad way  
but hell and damnation, tomorrow is worse,  
and the dark is disappearing in the light.

Weeds are choking all the flowers,  
and the blossoms fall like rainbow tears.  
We hear the night sounds but don't see the stars,  
and the skies run rampant with our fears.

All the campfires are burning low,  
and mothers are rocking empty cradles.  
And straight is no longer the flight of the crow,  
when will the weak inherit the earth?

The clouds are hiding the ground in shadows,  
and I wonder who has cast the curse,  
as all the horses return with empty saddles  
and the cat in the alley cries for love.

Rams are blocking life's free flow.  
Peacocks and flamingoes minuet.  
The curtains flap but the wind doesn't blow,  
and I wonder, Is the worst over yet?

But if the dark is disappearing to the light,  
and the peacemakers are the children of God,  
then what does the mystic see  
when the night hawk flies this night?

Mike Wafford

REFUSAL OF A CARPENTER  
OR  
CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE RESURRECTION

The body of divinity  
Bound in black calf?  
This is the blood  
He gave for me?

Quaff it down.  
Move along,  
Please.  
Corpus Christi.

The lone star:  
A state of mind  
Perdenales,  
My confirmation.

Anon.

## TROY HAS FALLEN

The iron sword  
Brings victory to the Achaean  
Lords,  
Cries and screams,  
Burning timbers, smoke  
Flaming skin and hair.  
The Gods of Troy  
Have closed their eyes.  
Lie still, Priam,  
Lie cold and still.  
Black boils  
This terrestrial crotch.  
Mycenae stands firm  
But the Gods  
Are also blind.

Thomas Johnson



## READACTION

It is the quixotic word for you  
to listen to, as the lights are  
words for wonderers.

The pots and pans crash through  
the early morning silence.

And when I am with you again,  
the spirits cannot take you  
from me.

They cannot take what I feel  
in my mind.

I am one.  
I am you for an hour  
When you rush down  
the highway following  
the pavements beaten  
with the late sun.

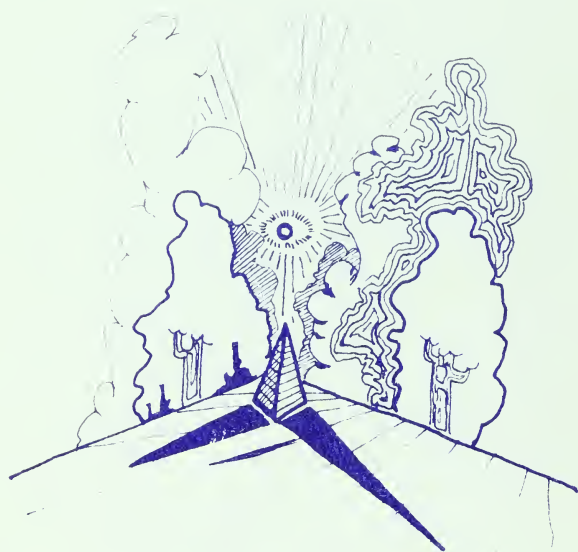
And when I dream such New York  
streets, the night is intoxicated  
with freedom between great bands  
of steel.

And I can walk around and under  
your manifest-destined creation.  
I can see each window staring at  
another.

I can feel you breathing, stranded  
in a strange city.

Things run  
wild in the streets,  
and I have opened  
my eyes,  
and I am you  
for an hour.

Elissa Domroe





## MANKIND

The forest hardly noticed him at first;  
The single man looked normal--nothing weird.\*  
But then he slowly walked towards the worst  
Part of the woods, where no winds blew--the feared,  
Grim regions. Still, ignoring broken limbs,  
Dead leaves and silence, he continues on. . .  
And later as his vision with the evening dims,  
Refuses still to stop until the dawn.  
We watch him reach the earthen structure, tall  
Beside the river's dim moonlight, instead  
Of waiting, rams his brains into the wall.  
We stare as blood spurts from his splattered head,  
He falls, unconscious, dying, to the ground  
As morning, waking, shows her path around.

Nathan Goldman

\* It is from an old Scotch word meaning "fate."  
Editor's note

## AND EMILY

What do you see?

The morning song rises over the gates of Berlin.

Emily, what is it out there?

Sunshine through the stained-glass morning dew

And Emily

We have gone too far from the cross-roads,

Coffee-colored houses in Rosedale.

Macbeth is in the garden,

La vie en rose.

The axe-man has arrived.

    The king without a mind in his eyes.

    His head in his hands,

    Shadows hold hands,

    crave their caresses

    in the blue light

    of the leaning street-lamp.

The schoolyard is swinging with moonlight.

What do you feel, Emily?

Virgin maids allure

    the mind of the artist,

    the mind of the child,

    the mind of the atheist,

    the mind of God.

The rain begins to tatter the dust in the road,

The child's footprint disappears,

Mirrors of the afternoon sky,

And rain washes Emily away,

And what do you see?

I have seen you  
Walking along the streets of Berlin  
Carrying your belongings in the bicycle.  
The curve of her youth traps the memory:  
We threw the empty wine bottle in the river.  
    And our war,  
        like the clouds of thunder,  
        will march across the bed again.  
Six windows open  
The blue heavens wind,  
Drives my thoughts astray:  
    a poem is a beast in the breast,  
    a pain, a death, a breath of God  
    and Lo, it is lost once more, Emily.  
The stockade will huddle against the hillside.  
The bodies will be buried in the forest of pine.  
The cooking fires will only be started at dawn.  
The executions will start at noon.  
    And Emily, what is it?  
    What do you see out there?  
    Is it worthwhile running on fields of gold?

John Stone

## THE BEST FROM THIS WORLD

with Everything for power potential  
you have left again.

Ryan what a lonely mess you are!

fool's Paradise is around the corner  
and you have returned to the West.

no Gatsby can exist in a state of  
penury while striving for a pure dream  
as the performance will go on and on  
and stop!

leave You behind in the pastures with  
Tintern Abbey; and the two of you will  
remember the days of when and see beyond  
no further.

that Kind of love is lasting for the  
moment--but the current tide changes,  
as "new schools" come in for the taking.

there Is more to life, poor Ryan, and  
what is even stranger--You know it too!

Elissa Domroe

## THE APPRENTICE SPEAKS

We are mortal. We are human. We are in some sort of ill-defined predicament. To be more exact, we as humans are beset by a plethora of illnesses from those of the body to those of the state. No single science or philosophy has been able to remedy these illnesses; perhaps no single science or philosophy can. Philosophies seem to supply only fragmentary answers. Indeed, it is impossible to have no philosophy at all and live fragmentary lives; sometimes we may have feelings of satisfaction that outweigh our feelings of disappointment. Sometimes the reverse is true, and often they appear to balance each other out.

Perhaps one should not seek to hold to any one system of thought but become like a connoisseur of wines who fills his mouth with the best of vintages, rolls the wine around in his mouth for the taste, and then spits the wine to the thirsty earth. The connoisseur will travel to the ends of the earth to find the best wines; so should the connoisseur of philosophies. Yet one may never have to leave a library to know something of the world.

In seventeenth century Japan, there lived an itinerant poet named Basho. Basho tells of the disillusionment of being a courtier, as he found disappointment when trying “. . .to measure the depth of ignorance by trying to be a scholar. . . .” Basho thought of himself as a poet, and it was this realization that helped him to find satisfaction in other pursuits. Basho wrote that there was “. . .something in this mortal frame. . .called the wind-swept spirit. . .for it is something much like a thin drapery that is torn. . .by the slightest stir of the wind.” Basho was fortunate to have found his self-identity early in life; but one may feel satisfaction at finding himself even at the time of approaching death. --We are mortal. We are human. We are in some sort of ill-defined predicament.

John Stone

## FROM THE EDITOR

Poetry as a means of communications is a prevalent everyday occurrence. We are poets through the verbal expressions we use to reveal and emphasize our thoughts. Poetry is not only for the poet but for both the common man and scholar. The written word is the spoken word. Poetry has its home in everyday lives as it relates factual and unfactual thoughts which are developed from our emotional makeup. Our use of words is evidenced freely in short stories, critiques, essays, and speech.--We always need material. Write for The SEFER.

## ABOUT THE



According to the *Analytical Concordance to the Bible*, the meaning of "sefer" or "sepher" is derived from the Hebrew, meaning "writing" or "book."

## NEW MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

The Anacreontic Literary Society is hoping to enlarge its current membership. All students at the Baptist College are invited to take part in our poetry readings, coffee hours, and group discussions. We leave few topics untouched! For further information write to

Post Office Box 312  
Baptist College at Charleston  
Charleston, South Carolina 29411

CHARLESTON SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY



0 1965 0128492 7

